

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

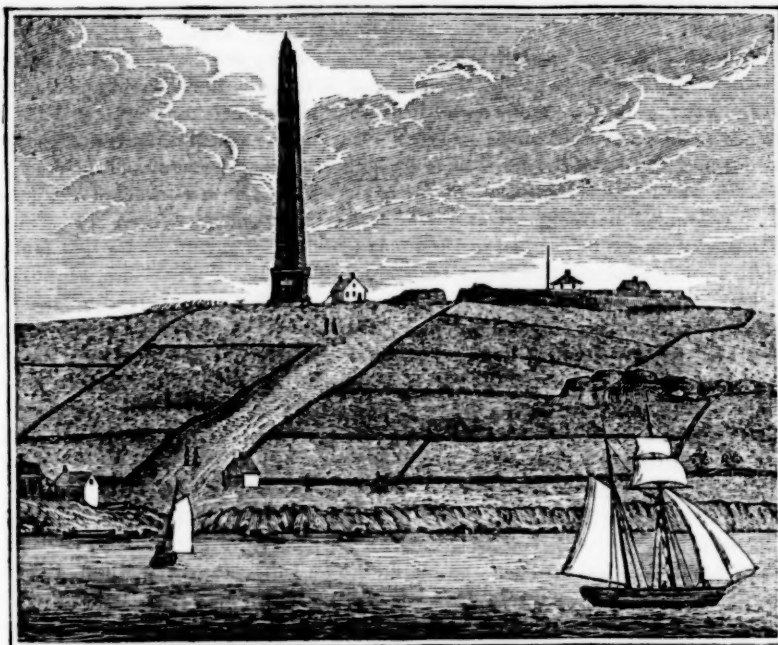
Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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GROTON MONUMENT AND FORT GRISWOLD.



The following account, with the annexed engraving is from the "CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS," by J. W. Barber; a large octavo volume giving the History and Antiquities of every town in Connecticut, illustrated by 190 engravings. Three editions of this work have been published, a few copies of which can be obtained of Mr. S. Tuttle, 194 Chatham Square, New-York. We shall hereafter publish several views of the different towns, with descriptions and Historical Collections from the above work.

Groton will ever be memorable as the theater of the most important and interesting military transactions which have taken place in the state. In the early settlement of the country, the fate of Connecticut was decided by the sword on Pequot hill, within the limits of this town, and the Pequots, the most haughty and warlike tribe of savages in New England, effectually crushed by a single blow, and their existence as a nation annihilated. In the war of the Revolution, another of the "high places" of Groton became an Alcedama, and the flower of her sons were sacrificed to the vengeance of an infuriated enemy.

On the 6th of September, 1781, a body of British troops, about 800 in number, under the command of Lieut. Col. Eyre, landed on the Groton side, opposite the light-house, and having found a lame boy collecting cattle, compelled him to show them the cart path to the fort. They landed about nine o'clock in the morning of a most delightful day, clear and still. Fort Griswold was under the command of Lieut. Col. William Ledyard, brother of the celebrated traveler of the same name. He resided on

Groton bank, opposite New London, and was much beloved and respected by his neighbors. On the advance of the enemy, Col. Ledyard, having but about one hundred and fifty men with him in the fort, sent out an officer to get assistance, as there were a number of hundreds of people collected in the vicinity; this officer, by drinking too much, became intoxicated, and no reinforcement was obtained. On the rejection of a summons to surrender, the British extended their lines, so that they were scattered over the fields, and rushed on to the attack with trailed arms, under the fire of the Americans, to the assault of the fort on three sides. Having effected a lodgment in the ditch, they cut away the pickets, and having scaling ladders, they entered the fort and knocked away the gate on the inside. While the British were in the ditch, they had cold shot thrown on them, and as they were entering the embrasures, the garrison changed their weapons and fought desperately with spears or pikes fifteen or sixteen feet in length, which did considerable execution. Unfortunately they had lent the greater part of the pikes belonging to the fort to a privateer a few days before. Major Montgomery was hoisted up on the walls of the fort by his soldiers; as he was flourishing his sword on his entrance he was mortally wounded by Jordan Freeman, a colored man, who pierced him through with a spear. Another officer was killed by a musket ball, while in the fort. As he fell, he exclaimed, "put every one to death, don't spare one." Col. Ledyard finding

further resistance useless, presented his sword to an officer, who asked him who commanded the fort. "I did," said Col. Ledyard, "but you do now;" the officer (Capt. Bloomfield) took his sword and plunged it into his bosom. Col. Ledyard fell on his face and instantly expired. An indiscriminate massacre now took place, till a British officer exclaimed, "my soul cannot bear such destruction," and ordered a parley to be beat. Such had been the butchery in the fort, that it was *over shoes in blood* in some parts of the parade ground. Soon after the surrender, a wagon was loaded with wounded Americans and set off down the hill; it struck an apple tree with great force, and knocked several of these bleeding men out, and caused their instant death. One of these distressed men having been thrown out of the wagon, and while crawling towards the fence on his hands and knees, was brutally knocked on the head by the butt end of a musket, by one of the refugees who were attached to the British army. The British embarked at the foot of the hill, near the ferry, and took off a number of prisoners with them. As they left the fort, they set fire to a train, intending to blow up the magazine, in which were about one hundred barrels of powder. Fortunately it was extinguished by our people, who entered the fort soon after the enemy left it. It is stated that the enemy lost in the attack on the fort 54 killed and 143 wounded, several of whom afterwards died of their wounds. The killed of the enemy were buried by their comrades at the gate of the fort, and were so slightly covered that many of their legs and arms remained above ground; our people who were killed at the fort, were stripped, and so disfigured, covered with blood and dust, that with the exception of two or three, they could not be recognized by their friends, except by some particular marks on their persons.*

The foregoing is a west view, from New London, of Groton Monument and Fort Griswold on Mount Ledyard. This monument has its foundation stone at an elevation of about 130 feet above tide water; the monument itself is one hundred and twenty-seven feet in height. The pedestal rises about eighteen or twenty feet, and is twenty-three feet square; on the pedestal rises an obelisk square, ninety-two feet in height, twenty-two feet square at its base, and eleven feet at the top. It is ascended by one hundred

*Most of the facts mentioned in this account were related to the compiler of this work by an eye witness, Mr. Joshua Baker of Groton, who was in the fort at the time it was stormed. He was wounded, carried off prisoner to New-York, and confined in the "Sugar House." He mentioned that when the enemy arrived at New-York, they reported a loss of five hundred men in killed, wounded and missing, in this expedition. Mr. Baker was under the command of Col. Ledyard upwards of two years, and was the first man who stood sentry at Fort Griswold. Some particulars were also obtained from Capt. Elijah Batley, the post master at Groton Bank, who was one of the defenders of the fort at the time of the massacre.

and sixty-five stone steps inserted into the outer wall, rising in a circular form, their inner ends supported by an iron rail and bannister. The monument is constructed of granite, of which there is an abundance in the vicinity. The expense of its erection was eleven thousand dollars; this amount was raised by a lottery, granted by the state for this purpose.

The following is the inscription, on marble, placed over the entrance of the monument.

This Monument
was erected under the patronage of the State of Connecticut, A. D. 1830,
and in the 55th year of the Independence of the U. S. A.
In memory of the brave Patriots,
who fell in the massacre at Fort Griswold, near this spot,
on the 6th of September, A. D. 1781,
when the British, under the command of
the traitor Benedict Arnold,
burnt the towns of New London and Groton, and spread
desolation and woe throughout this region.

On the south side of the pedestal, opposite the fort, is the following inscription.

"Zebulon and Naphtali were a people that jeopardized
their lives unto the death, in the high places of the field."
—Judges, 5 chap. 18 verse.

List of men who fell at Fort Griswold, Sept. 6, 1781.

Here follows a list of eighty-five names, on a marble tablet.

SELECT TALES.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"On! my ain fireside maun I bid you adieu!"

It was a cold uncomfortable evening, late in Autumn, and Mrs. Clifton and her daughter Mary were seated in a humble abode in one of our large cities, before a scantily furnished grate, the one being diligently employed with her needle, the other in painting a fire-screen. They were both silent, but whenever the sound of footsteps was heard, they appeared to listen attentively and with considerable anxiety. At length there was a low rap at the outer door, and Mary, hastily rising, ran to admit her sister.

"Amelia," said Mrs. Clifton, "we began to be alarmed by your long absence."

"The reason of my being gone so long," replied Amelia, "is because I went to Mr. Kinsman's to look at the advertisement in his newspaper; and I believe that there has a situation presented, at last, which I may venture to apply for."

As she spoke, she handed her mother a piece of paper, on which she had copied the advertisement she had alluded to, the purport of which was, that a widow lady residing in one of the Southern States, wished for a governess to superintend the education of two of her daughters, and that one whose acquirements in music would enable her to dispense with hiring a separate teacher for the piano-forte and harp, would be preferred.

"How glad I am that you know music so well," said Mary. "You know that when we lost our property, and were obliged to part with our harp and piano, we thought that all your skill would be useless to you."

"But, should you prove successful in your application," said Mrs. Clifton, "have you thought

of the great distance it will place you from home?"

"Yes the distance is great," replied Amelia, "but then our railroads and steamboats afford such facilities for traveling, that the journey may soon be accomplished. What do you think, mother?—had I not better write to Mrs. Nevers?"

"Yes, my child, I suppose you had. Poverty is an iron-hearted master, and hesitates not to separate those who are bound together by the most dear and hallowed ties."

"Yes, mother, he may separate us in person, but he can never sever those ties that bind together our hearts."

The letter to Mrs. Nevers was written that evening and lodged in the post office the next morning before the closing of the southern mail. Amelia put her scanty wardrobe in as good a condition as possible, so that if she did receive a favorable answer, she might set out without delay; and then redoubled her diligence at some ornamental needle-work which she had in hand, that she might procure sufficient to defray the expenses of her journey, without encroaching upon the earnings of her mother and sister. They were not long held in suspense. An answer to Amelia's letter arrived as soon as could have been reasonably expected, stating that Mrs. Nevers would receive her a few weeks upon trial, and that if she failed to answer her expectations, she would nevertheless fully remunerate her for her trouble and loss of time, as well as defray her traveling expenses.

"O, I know you will more than answer her expectations," said Mary; "you were always the best scholar in school."

"That may be," said Mrs. Clifton, "and yet she may fail. There is a great difference between acquiring and imparting knowledge."

* * * * *

"I shall send you the very first money I receive," said Amelia, as she was about to take leave of her mother and sister. "And remember, mother, and you too, Mary, to keep a well replenished grate, and to deny yourselves nothing necessary to your health and comfort."

This was said with a cheerful voice, but a full heart. Mrs. Clifton could not trust her voice to reply, but Mary said, "Yes, Amelia, your wishes shall be attended to. We can be as neat and comfortable in our little snug room, as we used to be in our splendid parlor."

Amelia's journey was performed without accident. On arriving at the residence of Mrs. Nevers, she was shown into a parlor, and in about ten or fifteen minutes the mistress of the mansion entered. As she went through the formality of asking Amelia a few common-place questions relative to her journey, she bent upon her looks so scrutinizing, that her cheeks, which the fatigue of traveling had somewhat faded, glowed with more than their original brightness.

"You think," said Mrs. Nevers, continuing her examination of Amelia's features, "that you are fully competent to teach the common English branches?"

"Yes, madam," she replied, "or I should not have offered myself as a teacher."

"The reason of my being thus particular, is, that many young girls who apply for the situation

of governess, think it quite sufficient if they are tolerable proficient in music and drawing, and have a superficial knowledge of the French language. I believe they think it beneath their dignity to know how to teach their own language properly. Please read a sentence or two," she added, taking up a book and handing her.

It happened to be an American Annual, which Amelia opened at random, for she felt too much confused to make a selection, and read a short poetical effusion, written with much simplicity and pathos. It appeared to her that the beatings of her heart were audible, and it was with great effort that she kept her voice in tolerable tone while reading the first stanza. The second she read better, the third well, and the fourth and fifth admirably.

"I feared," said Mrs. Nevers, "that you might have the sing-song style of reading poetry—a style which some always adopt, the moment they commence reading rhyme. I dismissed my daughters' last governess for that fault, but not until they had, in a measure, acquired it themselves. I think you may, probably, make a competent teacher, but there is one very formidable objection to my engaging you—one that cannot be obviated, and one which did not occur to me till I saw you."

"May I ask what it is, madam?" said Amelia, in a faint voice.

"You are too handsome."

The nature of the objection prevented Amelia from replying.

"You will doubtless think it a very singular one," resumed Mrs. Nevers. "I will make an explanation, and you may then think differently. My son, Charles Nevers, is now five-and-twenty. It has long been my wish to see him united to a lady of great wealth, but no great beauty. He was at first very averse to the match, but has of late shown himself more inclined to yield to my desire. While his mind is thus wavering, the sight of a beautiful face will, I fear, undo all that I have done, for he is remarkably susceptible to the power of beauty."

Amelia remained silent, for what could she say? Mrs. Nevers, too, sat in silence for some minutes. She then said, "I will make a proposition to you, and give you a week to consider whether you will accede to it or not. My son is absent, and will not return till the expiration of that time. The proposition is this: when in his presence, you must be merely female pedagogue. You must appear as little intelligent as possible—take no share in conversation, and banish as far as you can, all expression from your countenance. Above all, never read poetry in his presence, and never sing; for although you may not be a scientific singer, your musical voice tells me you must be a most enchanting one. In a word, I wish you to appear stupid."

"You need not give me a week to consider upon it, madam," said Amelia; "I shall be ready to leave to-morrow morning."

"Your reply is what I expected from you," said Mrs. Nevers, without exhibiting the slightest resentment. "A desire to please is natural to our sex, and what I require of you is, to render yourself displeasing. You may think too, and not unjustly, that it is degrading to act a part.

I advise you, however, to take the week to consider. Eight hundred dollars is the sum which I can afford to give for the year, and I shall, as is my custom, pay you for the first quarter in advance. I have a right to believe that you need the money; otherwise you would not have applied to me—therefore, I say once more, take a week to consider."

"But," said Amelia, "you have not yet proved whether my services will be acceptable or not."

"That is true, and to obviate as far as possible the necessity of your acting a part, you can, if at the end of the week you have not made up your mind, confine yourself to your own apartment after my son returns, excepting at meals. Supper will be ready in half an hour," added she, rising and ringing the bell. "The intermediate time you will like to be alone."

A colored girl answered the bell, whom her mistress directed to conduct Miss Clifton to her apartment. At the supper table Amelia again met Mrs. Nevers, together with her three daughters. Harriet, the eldest, was about her own age, and without great pretensions to beauty, was in her general appearance very attractive. Aphia, an intelligent looking girl of fourteen, who resembled her mother, and Arabel, four years younger, a perfect little Hebe, were to be her future pupils. Amelia sat in silence during the meal, save a few monosyllables which she uttered in reply to some questions which Harriet Nevers addressed to her through compassion, imagining that her reserve arose from diffidence; for it appeared to her that the chilling gaze of Mrs. Nevers was continually fastened upon her, which seemed to have the power of freezing to their source the springs of intellect and feeling. It was not until she was again in her own room, that she had power to throw off the incubus, that like an ugly hag sat brooding upon her spirits, and then she wept long and freely.

"Tell me, Harriet," said Arabel the moment Amelia was out of hearing, "how you like her."

"I cannot tell yet," replied her sister. "She is too much fatigued to act herself. One thing, however, we must all agree in—she is certainly very handsome."

"And so is New-York beauty, and Philadelphia beauty, and Boston beauty, and half a dozen other beauties we have seen exhibited in wax," said Aphia.

"She is as beautiful again as either of those," said Arabel.

"Don't you think she looks like me, Harriet?"

"Yes, dearest, the moment I saw her, I remarked a striking resemblance."

"Fie upon you, you little vain thing," said Aphia.

"No, I am not vain, I am sure," said Arabel, the tears starting to her eyes. "I shouldn't care if I were as homely as old Phillis, if it didn't please Charles so well to have me handsome. If our new governess is ever so stupid, I know he will like her, if he thinks she resembles me."

Harriet smiled at her sister's *naivete*, Aphia exclaimed, "I should be ashamed, Arabel!" and Mrs. Nevers bit her lip.

A week passed away, Charles Nevers returned, and Amelia had decided to go home, whether Mrs. Nevers wished her to remain or not, when

a letter from her sister caused her to change her mind. The letter informed her, that a few days subsequent to her departure, their mother was taken ill of a chronic complaint, and that, although not considered dangerous, she was obliged to devote to her so large a portion of her time, that she had but little left to attend to needle-work and painting, their only means of support. All the trials and vexations which she would be obliged to encounter in her present situation, sunk into nothing compared with this new trouble, and her greatest fear now was, that Mrs. Nevers would reject her. She had as yet met with Charles Nevers only at table, and although she had scarcely allowed herself to raise her eyes to the place where he sat, she could not but perceive that he was eminently handsome, while the few remarks which she had heard him make, showed that he possessed a cultivated mind and a refined taste. In the school-room Amelia was comparatively happy. At first, she did not like Aphia, who having been in the habit of quizzing their former governess, attempted to play off something of the same sort upon Amelia. She soon, however, had the discernment to perceive that their present instructress not only possessed talent and real dignity of mind, but that she was fully competent to the task she had undertaken. She gradually assumed a more respectful air, and being naturally ambitious, she attended diligently to her studies. But Arabel, the lovely, the artless Arabel, she already loved as fondly as if she had been her own sister, nor was her affection unreturned. Her term of trial at length expired, and Mrs. Nevers sent for her to come to her room—a summons which she obeyed with a beating heart.

"I have as yet had no occasion to be dissatisfied with your deportment," said Mrs. Nevers, having first desired her to be seated, "nor have I any fault to find with you as a teacher. I regret that some person could not have been obtained as well qualified as yourself, of a less prepossessing exterior, but upon mature reflection I prefer to have you remain. My daughters are pleased with you, and have perfect confidence in your ability to teach whatever, at present, they may desire to learn. It rests with you whether to go or remain."

As Amelia had already made up her mind, she replied without hesitation, that she should prefer to stay. Mrs. Nevers, as she had promised, made her the quarterly payment in advance. This Amelia immediately transmitted to her mother in a letter, which made not only the widow's but the orphan's heart sing for joy; pinching poverty having already begun to show his meager visage at their fireside and board. Two weeks had passed away, since Amelia had decided to remain in her present situation, during which all had gone on quietly. As yet it had not cost her a single sigh to have the handsome Mr. Nevers imagine her to be the cold, inanimate, stupid being that she appeared; every other consideration being for the time, merged in that of rendering the situation of her mother and sister comfortable. It was about this time, that Charles Nevers and his three sisters went out one beautiful evening, to walk. Mrs. Nevers was engaged in her own room, and Amelia sat down at an open win-

dow that overlooked the terrace. A sense of her utter loneliness, shut out as she was from the sympathy of every human being, save that of the loving Arabel, for the first time since the reception of her sister's letter, fell coldly and with all its withering influence upon her heart, and nothing but that idea of her distant home, where without her continued efforts, her mother, enfeebled by illness must be harrassed by want, while her sister would be obliged to devote those hours to toil, which ought to be given to rest, in order to obtain a scanty portion of food and to keep the embers from expiring on the hearth, could have armed her with the resolution to persevere. Their welfare was identified with her own, and if by more than the miner's privation and toil she could succeed in obtaining one solitary thread of gold to weave into the dark web of their fortunes, she felt that she had no right to complain. She continued to retain her seat by the window till the brother and sisters returned from their walk. As they lingered on the terrace, they appeared to be continuing a conversation already commenced.

"What passage, Aphia, did you say that Miss Clifton read so well to-day?" inquired Charles.

"O that was in Joanna Baillic's 'De Monfort,' where Jane addresses her brother in prison. But she read that no better than she reads everything else—poetry or prose—it makes no difference which."

"And you say she sings as well as she reads?"

"Yes," said Arabel, without giving Aphia time to reply, "as well again. I had to make believe I was looking out of the window the other day, when mother came in while she was singing, for fear she would see the tears come into my eyes."

The two younger girls, in obedience to a message from their mother, now entered the house, while Harriet still remained with her brother on the terrace.

"I am surprised," said he, "at what Aphia and Arabel have been saying of Miss Clifton. At first sight I was struck with her beauty; I thought she was incomparably the handsomest girl I ever saw. But I soon imagined her to be a beauty without soul: now, I know not what to think. What is your opinion of her Harriet?"

"That she does not act herself."

"I can see no reason why she should not, and must therefore disagree with you. At first there was some allowance to be made, on the score of homesickness and diffidence, and the chilling effect of mother's natural hauteur; but mother has certainly been uncommonly polite to her, while nothing short of downright stupidity or ill-humor could possibly withstand your affability, and our dear Arabel's artless affection. I can attribute her strange behaviour, since what the girls have told me, to only one thing—an unconquerable moroseness, which destroys all wish to please. And what is woman, without that wish? After all, I believe I may as well gratify mother by marrying Miss Sandford, for what is a handsome and intelligent face, and even a cultivated mind, if their possessor be unamiable?"

"Which Miss Clifton is not," said Harriet, in so low a voice as to be unheard by her brother, as he walked to a distant part of the terrace, "but I dare not undeceive him."

This conversation, of which Amelia had heard every word, banished all her assumed fortitude, and many and bitter were the tears which she shed during that lonely and sleepless night; and when in the morning she appeared at table with a pallid, care-worn face, from which she had vainly endeavored to efface the effects of weeping, an upbraiding voice for a moment whispered in the ear of the proud and selfish Mrs. Nevers. To Charles she had never before appeared as an object of so much interest, and he condemned himself for the opinion he had expressed of her the preceding evening. As they arose from the breakfast table, among the several letters just brought from the post-office, there was one directed to Amelia. It was from her sister, and we will annex a short extract. "Two years ago, Amelia," it said, "when we were surrounded with all that wealth could command, I could not have thought that the sum enclosed in your letter, could have brought with it so much happiness. The last handful of fuel had been transferred to the grate, by which I was sewing, with fingers so benumbed that I could scarcely feel my needle, and I expected to be obliged to go to bed supperless although I had not dined. I had a little arrow-root for mother, which (and I felt thankful for it) was the only nourishment that she craved; but now, I can assure you except that you are absent, we have as cheerful a fireside and as comfortably furnished a table as we desire. Surely joy doeth good like a medicine, for mother has been on the mending hand ever since, and I now have a good deal of time to devote to my pencil and needle, which will so augment the supply which you sent us, that we shall need nothing more for a long time."

The contents of this letter so enlivened Amelia's spirits, that she engaged in her customary duties with uncommon animation and cheerfulness. It was a bright day, and the wind oftentimes so cold and rude at that season in our more northerly clime, was bland and genial.

"Do, Miss Clifton," said Arabel, an hour or two before sunset, "go with Aphia and I to our wild-flower hollow, as we call it, among the hills you see yonder. It is only half a mile, and when we are there, we seem to be in a little world of our own. How I should like to live there with nobody but you and Charles, and Harriet, and Aphia—only I should like to have mother come sometimes, when we didn't want to laugh and talk and sing. You will go, Miss Clifton, won't you?"

"Yes, if Aphia will like to go. Where is she?"

"I hear her coming," replied Arabel, "and she will like to go, for she herself proposed it."

After a pleasant walk, they arrived at the proposed spot, where, as Arabel had said, they seemed to be in a little world by themselves; and, so rife had it been with flowers, in the prime of summer, as was still manifest by many a lingering blossom, that well might it be designated by the appellation of "wild-flower hollow." From one of the hills descended a streamlet, which being arrested within ten or fifteen feet from its base by a large, shelving rock, formed, in its descent from thence, a slight and beautiful waterfall. In one place, and only one, the hills opened upon a long, narrow vista, which terminated in a fine

view of a distant plantation. After resting a few minutes, and giving Amelia time to admire the beauties of their favorite retreat, "Now, Miss Clifton," said Aphia, "do sing that beautiful song you sung this morning in the school-room."

"No," replied Amelia, "as there is no instrument to accompany my voice, I should prefer to sing something which you and Arabel can sing with me."

"You cannot have that for an excuse," said Arabel, "for I heard Aphia tell Zanga to bring the guitar, and here he comes!"

Amelia sang the song in question, and several others. She conversed, too, with the girls, and recited passages from favorite authors. The freedom of her own beloved home seemed around her, now that she was from under the eye of Mrs. Nevers, and so distant that no tone of her voice could reach her. The seal was taken from her heart, and the warm and deep feelings gushing thence, flowed in beautiful and unrestrained language from her lips. She little suspected, that, all this time, she had a concealed auditor. Charles, who happened to be passing at no great distance, hearing the sound of voices, ascended one of the hills, where, concealed by the foliage of some creeping plants which depended from a low-limbed tree, he could both see and hear the little party in "wild-flower hollow." Amelia had just commenced singing her first song when he took his station, and he mentally resolved to remain only until she finished it; but his resolution was given to the winds, when, at the request of Aphia, she began to recite a favorite passage from one of the old English poets. He listened and listened, and gazed on the beautiful and expressive countenance of the speaker, till the heart, which, the evening preceding, he had come to a determination, if it were possible, to give to Miss Sandford, was no longer his to give. That very morning he had called on Miss Sandford, and thought he had never seen her appear so well; while she, on her part, inferred by certain signs which cannot well be described, but which were not the less to be depended on, that the time was not far distant, when she would be required to answer the important question.

By invitation of Mrs. Nevers, Miss Sandford and her brother were expected to spend the evening, and Amelia, for the first time since her residence in the family, when company was expected, was invited to be present. Although the invitation of Mrs. Nevers to Amelia was very much like a command, she ventured to suggest that her safest place was retirement.

"Undoubtedly," replied Mrs. Nevers, "but your strict seclusion has already excited remark. It is by no means necessary that you should appear in your most becoming dress, or that, if requested to sing, you should comply, or even that you should strive to shine in conversation—but you already know what I expect of you."

Amelia attired herself in as plain a dress as decency would permit, yet, of what avail was it? Every thing she put on appeared elegant and becoming. She did not like to own it, even to herself, but she did feel considerable curiosity to see the lady Mrs. Nevers had selected for the future wife of her only son. She had just taken her seat at a humble distance from Mrs. Nevers,

who sat on the sofa, when Miss Sandford and her brother arrived. In person, Miss Sandford was so small as to appear diminutive, her complexion was sallow and her features by no means well formed, while her manners were spoiled by affectation. Charles Nevers felt that the eyes of his mother were upon him, and made an effort to be polite and attentive to her. As Amelia sat silent and alone, she had a good opportunity to observe others, and she soon felt convinced that Miss Sandford was incapable of appreciating the character of Charles Nevers. His handsome person, and his prospective riches, she could not doubt, were, to her, his greatest attractions. When several were engaged in conversation, so that she could not be overheard, Aphia approached Amelia, and told her that she was a going to get Harriet to invite Miss Sandford to sing. "She has high opinion of her musical powers," added she, "and never refuses to sing and play, if invited."

Harriet was evidently reluctant to comply with her sister's request, but unable to resist her importunity, at last assented. Mrs. Nevers frowned upon Harriet, but it was too late.

"I fear that I shall experience embarrassment," said Miss Sandford, looking at Amelia, as she rose to take her place at the piano, "to sing and play before a professor of music."

During her performance, Charles bit his lips and kept his eyes fixed upon the carpet, except once or twice, when he ventured to steal a look at Amelia, to learn the effect it produced upon her. He could ascertain nothing. All the expression, which a few hours before had lit up her features, had vanished. He would hardly have known her for the same person. When Miss Sandford, after having sung and played a few of the popular songs of the day, asked if some one present would not take her place, Charles, much to Amelia's surprise, advanced to the spot where she was seated, and offered to lead her to the piano forte.

"No, Mr. Nevers," said she, "I cannot sing this evening."

"We cannot excuse you," replied he—"Arabel has told me all about your singing. Do oblige us and sing one song."

"I beg of you not to urge my singing. I have already said, I cannot sing this evening."

"Or rather, you might say, you will not," said he, turning abruptly away.

"What affectation!" said Miss Sandford, so as to be overheard by Amelia, while the remark of Charles, the preceding evening, "She does not wish to please," rushed to her mind. Overwhelmed with the difficulty and cruelty of her situation, tears came to her eyes, but by a strong effort she forced them back to the deep and bitter fountain whence they sprung. At that moment, what would she not have given, could she have shaken off the mantle of disguise, with which Mrs. Nevers had so cruelly compelled her to invest herself, and appeared what she really was. Charles felt that he had treated her impolitely, and having resumed his seat, he looked up to see if she had passed it by with indifference. The tears had left her eyes undimmed, and the marks of anguish for a moment painted on the features, had flitted away, leaving them

calm and passionless, but he saw that the hectic of suppressed agitation was burning on her cheeks.

"Yes, she has a heart," said he, speaking unconsciously so as to be overheard by Miss Sandford.

"Who has a heart?" said she.

The question brought him to himself, and making some evasive reply, he exerted himself to bear a part in the desultory conversation, but he again sunk into silence, when he saw young Sandford, who had long been seeking an opportunity, go and seat himself by Amelia's side. He watched with intense interest to see if he proved more successful than he himself had done on several occasions, in rousing her from what he now believed her affected indifference to the opinions of others, and it was with a feeling, almost of exultation, that, although he had ever been considered, by the ladies, uncommonly handsome and fascinating, he was thoroughly defeated in his attempt to engage her in conversation.

[Concluded in our next.]

BIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE CABOT.

GEORGE CABOT, a distinguished merchant and statesman, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1752. He was educated as a merchant, and for several years visited foreign countries as a factor for his father, who was an enterprising and opulent ship owner. He was considered a young man of talent, and soon after commencing business, he was elected a member of the Massachusetts' Provincial Congress—of which General Warren was president. The good people of Massachusetts, wishing to alleviate the distresses of the times, proceeded to consider the propriety of fixing a maximum price upon foreign goods. This he opposed, with such strength of reasoning as to prevent any restriction upon commerce.

During the war, he was an active merchant—he, with his brother, having at one period of the contest, twenty privateers of a large class, carrying from sixteen to twenty guns each. These vessels were very successful for four or five years; but the British, towards the close of the war, having lost more than one thousand seven hundred merchantmen, grew wiser, and fitted out a large number of frigates and gun-brigs, that were superior in force to most of our privateers, and a great portion of them were taken. The Cabots were severe sufferers, losing nearly all their armed ships before the war closed.

When peace was restored to the country, Mr. Cabot was active in bringing the people to see the necessity of forming a sound and permanent general government. With others, he used the public press to enlighten the country upon the great doctrines of civil and political liberty.

He was active in establishing a state constitution for Massachusetts, and afterwards, in 1788 was a member of the convention for adopting a constitution for the United States. Soon after the constitution went into operation, he was chosen by the legislature of Massachusetts as a senator in congress. In 1798 he was appointed, by John Adams, Secretary of the Navy, but he declined the appointment: yet he took an active

part in assisting the government to build and equip a navy. Liberal loans were subscribed by the merchants in every part of the country, and Mr. Cabot was among the foremost. The government, fired at the insults and indignities offered our commerce by France, were so active in building ships of war, that a few months were sufficient to take the timber from the forests to construct a sloop of war, and in a few more days to get her ready for sea.

A respectable force was soon on the ocean, and earned laurels wherever they met the enemy.

During these dark hours of our history, when Hamilton and Ames were full of apprehension for our destinies, Mr. Cabot was laboring with them in opening the eyes of the people, blinded by party feuds. It is said that Ames, always flowing, and sometimes too redundant, consulted Mr. Cabot in regard to his publications, and frequently submitted to his judgment when they differed in opinion.

For many years of the latter part of his life, Mr. Cabot resided in Boston, where he was held in the highest estimation. If there was a matter of mercantile usage to be settled, he was consulted;—if there was a misunderstanding between merchants, he was made arbitrator; aye, even if there were an affair of honor to be settled, his opinion was law. In 1815, he was elected from Suffolk county as a member of the Hartford Convention, and was made president of that body. Where he was, every one was satisfied that all would be done with decency and correctness, both in manner and principle. He was brave, and discreet as brave. His ambitious days, if ever he had any, were over, and prudence and judgment were, at the time of the Hartford Convention, his great characteristics. The person of Mr. Cabot was of the finest cast. He was tall and well proportioned. His head was a model for the sculptor. There was a classical expression of the countenance, that made him the object of observation to every stranger. His movements were dignified, and his voice sonorous and commanding. Looking at him, you would say, there is a gentleman; and no one would question the assertion. He was as amiable as excellent; there was no asperity in his nature. He took a broad and noble view of every subject, and uttered his opinions with fearlessness, but with modesty—and his decisions were as oracles. Mr. Cabot died in April, 1823, in the seventy-second year of his age; and enjoyed through that long period, all that philosophy, philanthropy, and religion, could give to life. The civic wreath of such a man should be green for ever.

MISCELLANY.

THE WREATH OF ROSES.

"JULIA," said Matilda, "see here, I have woven this beautiful wreath of roses for you, and you shall be our queen to-day." It was a lovely May-day morning, and the young ladies of the village had a holiday, which they were going to improve in a small romantic bower, formed of two branching willows, and several rare and elegant grape vines. And it was thus that Matilda M—— proposed the honors of the day to a sweet

modest looking girl, who was rather more meanly dressed than the rest of the children, and who blushed and hung her head at the proposal, as if anxious lest some one should whisper a word of disapprobation. The juvenile company were all around Matilda, while she held the wreath in her hand, waiting for a reply. Her little sister clamorously seconded her, but one young lady called her aside and made some objections, I suppose, for I only heard this answer, "Oh, Maria, remember she is poor and an orphan! how can we be too kind to her?" When they returned again to the company, tears were in both their eyes, and the wreath was awarded by acclamation to Julia, the pretty orphan.

Surrounded by their young companions in the freshness of youth, and the honors of the budding spring blooming in beautiful variety around her snowy forehead, I gazed on her in delight, which increased with the recollection that the child thus universally beloved was the poorest in the village, and without parents to instruct or relatives to pity her, and the remembrance that those around her were children of far higher birth, and prouder expectations.

The spirit of kindness and condescension to our inferiors in rank and fortune, the train of feelings which leads us to esteem and love goodness and amiability wherever we find it, form the brightest gem in the sparkling diadem of virtue, and is one of the loveliest redeeming traits in the human character. When it is found written on a youthful heart and shedding its influence over youthful character, it speaks volumes in praise, not only of the disposition of the possessor, but of those kind and good parents whose exertions have had a principal agency in planting it in the bosoms of their offspring. I was interested so much in the conduct of that youthful group, and more especially in that of Matilda, that I resolved, if permitted, to mark their future course in general, and her's in particular, with a view to notice how heaven rewarded the good, and what are the outlines of character which originate distinction made among us by the hand of Providence.

It was twelve years before my purpose was accomplished in the developement of fortune. At the expiration of that period, the little company had grown to womanhood, and all but two were scattered beyond the limit of my observation: those two were Matilda and Julia. Matilda was now the tenant of a cottage by the river side. I marked the gradual transition of her family from wealth to mediocrity; it was slow, not the effect of sudden misfortune, or habitual mismanagement, but the consequence of a steady decline in her father's business, which left him at last barely able in his latter years, to meet the demands of his creditors, and buy that humble dwelling. They went cheerfully down the vale of life; not a regret seemed to accompany them—not a tear was ever shed over vanished splendor and faded anticipations. I could not discover that in all the changes they experienced, one substantial comfort was torn from his lovely family. Matilda was now wrapped up in the cares attendant on her situation as the principal dependence of her parents. She was engaged to be married to a youth of good family, who had loved her and been loved by her from

infaney, but who was yet too poor to repay her parents for the sacrifice they would have to make in parting with her, and he waited for success in business.

Julia was more prosperous than her amiable friend, with whom she lived on terms of sisterly affection; she had a brother whom she had never seen, and who, having become wealthy in England, had made her handsome remittances for some years past. She lived in the village, but Matilda's cottage was as much her home. She too, had a lover, but he died, and she had vowed to live single for his memory.

Thus were things situated, when one beautiful May-day morning, while Matilda was engaged in her little flower garden, Julia came down to see her, with an unusual degree of animation in her countenance, which showed that her heart was full of some pleasing thought. She carried in her hand a wreath of flowers, but she held them out to her friend; Matilda burst into tears; "ah! Julia, my sister, I have sad news to-day—my father went security a few months ago for a friend who was in distress, and who had done him many kindnesses in his life; they have sued him for the money; the Sheriff has been here, and we are ruined;" and she clasped her friend to her bosom as she concluded, while both wept. But Julia recovered, and placing the wreath gently on her brow, she said, "Forget it, dear Matilda—you must, you shall be happy," and stole away.

Matilda thought this looked like worldly friendship, which flies so often the scene of grief, and forgets, when remembrance should be most busy. She took off the wreath with an emotion something like disdain, and in doing it discovered a little paper carefully woven in it. Her curiosity was awakened—she opened it, and read, "Matilda, I know it all; remember this day twelve years. I have lost my brother, and am the heir of all his fortune; accept this trifling present enclosed, and never, never mention it to me, until I can repay you all the debt of gratitude I owe you." She examined the enclosure; it was a note of two thousand pounds sterling.

Thus was one act of generous kindness repaid—thus were the parents rewarded who had made Matilda what she was. Her family was restored to wealth—she married and was happy. Julia lives still—her highest temporal bliss, the enjoyment of the love of her virtuous friend, at the lovely cottage by the water's side.

From the London Metropolitan.

A CLERICAL DANCING MASTER.

When Young left the University he was a master of arts, and brought away with him a vast stock of Greek and Latin. But the fire of a fine imagination was not extinguished under the heavier acquisition of his scholastic pursuits; its *vivida vis* and enthusiasm had survived, and when he began the world his heart was new and peculiarly susceptible to each impression. Thus constituted, a person will not go far without meeting Love on his road; and Young soon discovered it in the charming smile and piquant grace of Anna Bowley, to whom he offered a timid homage, which was accepted without hesitation. The society in which his fair one moved necessarily became the center of his universe,

and the ladies that composed it possessed in him a most devoted and assiduous cavalier.

One fine summer evening he escorted them to the river side, not then so thickly built upon as now. It was the middle of summer, and the hour was that delightful one when the wings of the breeze bring coolness with them to refresh all nature, which was languid and exhausted by the heat of one of those oppressive days which ever and anon give us a taste of the fervid hours of a torrid clime. Bustle and activity prevailed around; the river was instinct with life and motion, and a thousand boats, gallantly equipped and manned, furrowed its broad bosom; a thousand confused sounds floated in the air; and the John Bull of the olden time seemed to be in the full enjoyment of his proverbial merriment—that picturesque John Bull of the second quarter of the eighteenth century, in cocked hat and laced cravat, embroidered and bright-colored coat, knee-breeches, and high-quartered shoes.

Young enjoyed the scene with a poet's eye, and found ample materials for the indulgence of his satirical turn, when one of the ladies proposed that they should all go to Vauxhall, as it was a public night. The proposition was received with acclamation, and a wherry was soon freighted with the joyous company. By way of amusing his fair friends, Young drew from his pocket a flute, on which he excelled, and his notes were so perfect that a crowd of boats soon gathered around; among others was one filled with young officers, which pulled hastily up, and took a station along side that of the musician. As Young only played for the gratification of his company and himself, he did not choose to be made a public spectacle; so he soon ceased, and returned his flute into its case. One of the officers took offence at this; and, thinking that his game was sure with a young man in a clergyman's dress, and whose aspect was any thing but martial, he ordered the player to produce his flute and begin anew. Young shrugged his shoulders at this piece of impertinence, but took no further notice of it; it was followed by threats and curses, which had no greater effect upon the person against whom they were directed. The officer, who was very angry that his orders were disobeyed, and his menaces despised, directed his rowers to close with the boat of the refractory musician, and swore that he would fling him into the Thames unless he immediately began playing. The alarm of the ladies was intense, and seeing that the soldier was about putting his threat into execution, they entreated Young to yield to the exigency, but the indignant flutist still resisted.

"Edward!" exclaimed a soft voice at his side, "will you do nothing to oblige me?"

"Do you wish me, Anna, to submit to the degrading insolence of such a brute?"

"Yes I do; I beg it, if you have any regard for me."

Young drew out his flute without another word, and played several gay airs, whilst the triumphant soldier beat time with ostentation, applauded vehemently, and looked round as if to impress upon the auditors the idea of his irresistible importance.

The company soon after reached Vauxhall,

where the parties separated. But although Young's exterior was calm, he felt a deep resentment for the insult to which he had been subjected in his mistress' presence. Her accents had soothed his wrath, but it could not extinguish the desire of vengeance, and of making his oppressor ridiculous in his turn; so he determined not to lose sight of the aggressor, and to take the first opportunity, when he was alone, of speaking to him. An occasion soon offered, when he coolly addressed him—

"Sir," said he, "you have got an awkward habit of speaking too loudly."

"Ah!" rejoined the other, "that's because I make a point of being obeyed at the first word."

"But that depends upon your hearers! and I have a different opinion."

"Have you? and yet it seems that just now—"

"Oh, but you must know why I submitted to your rudeness."

"Well, what is your wish now, sir?"

"To give you to understand that if I produced my flute, it was not to gratify you, but solely to oblige the ladies under my escort, and who were frightened at your long sword and loud oaths; but they are not here now, so—"

"You know this is a challenge, and your cloth—"

"Why should it? You have affronted me, and owe me satisfaction."

The soldier smiled disdainfully as he said, "As you please, sir; you shall be satisfied. When and in what place shall it be?"

"To-morrow, at day-break, in Battersea fields, without seconds, as the affair only concerns you and me, and my profession compels me to have some regard to the proprieties of society!"

"Be it so; what are your arms?"

"The sword;" replied the juvenile member of the church militant.

The conditions being thus arranged, the young men joined their respective parties.

On the following morning they were both punctual to their appointment. The officer had drawn his rapier, when Young produced a large horse-pistol from beneath his cloak, and took a steady aim at his antagonist.

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished soldier; "have you brought weapons to assassinate me?"

"Perhaps; but that will depend upon yourself. Last night I played on the flute, this morning it is your turn to dance."

"I would die first; you have taken an unworthy advantage by this stratagem."

"As you did yesterday of the ladies' presence; but come, captain, you must begin your minuet."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, sir, your conduct is most ungentlemanly."

"No strong language here, captain; dance at once, or I will fire."

These words, which were uttered with much earnestness, and accompanied with a corresponding gesture, produced the effect desired. The officer, finding himself in a retired place, and at the mercy of a man whom he had grievously offended, and who seemed determined to exact reparation after his own fashion, did as he was desired, and stepped through the figure of a

minuet, while Young whistled a slow and appropriate measure.

When it was finished, Young said—"Sir, you have danced remarkably well; much better, in its way, than my flute-playing. We are now even; so, if you wish, we will begin another dance, in which I will be your *vis-a-vis*." Saying which, he drew his sword.

But the dancer very justly thought he had received a proper lesson, and more favorably appreciating the man he had so wantonly insulted, thought it would be better to have him for a friend than an enemy. He therefore held out his hand to Young, who shook it cordially; and in perfect harmony, and arm-in-arm, they quitted the spot which might have been fatal to one of them, but had, fortunately, only served to give and take a lesson in dancing.

AUTUMN.

"Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll,
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
Russets the plain; inspiring autumn gleams;
Or winter rises in the blackning East;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat."

The summer of 1840 is with the years beyond the flood. The flying clouds, the clear, cool and bracing wind which comes playing around us from the north-west, together with here and there a withering leaf, and the yellowish tint of the atmosphere, have told us, without a look at the almanac, that Autumn is again upon us. Well we are not sorry to see it. We are not among those who mourn the flight of time. We are not content to let the seasons speed their round, bringing with them what they will of joy or woe, and wafting us swiftly o'er "this life's tempestuous sea." The summer brought with it green fields, rich harvests, and many delightful things which made its presence agreeable. It also brought with it "sultry southern winds, and foul infectious damps," of which we are very happy to take our leave. Autumn comes with its invigorating breezes, and pours into the lap of man the ripe fruits of the earth, which are to sustain his life and cheer his heart. It will soon, also, cover forests, hills and plains with sublime and beautiful, yet saddening emblems of the decaying nature of all terrestrial things. And lest the contemplation of fading beauty, yellow leaves and dying nature should oppress the mind with too deep a gloom, the scene will soon be changed for the merry entertainments of winter.

LAZY PEOPLE.

THANKS to heaven and our ancestors, and to all others who had any part in making us what we are; thanks to them, one and all, that we were not born *lazy*. Laziness is the parent of all the sins that have been committed since the morning of creation. Eve was in a lazy fit at the time Satan tempted her; if Adam had kept her busy, she would have kept out of mischief, and we should all have been as innocent and happy as young lambskins. If the antediluvians had commenced building arks when Noah preached to them, they might all have been saved; but they were too lazy to work, and so they were drowned in the great aqueous catastrophe. The

reason the Egyptians refused to let the Israelites go, was because they were too lazy to make their own bricks and wished to compel the Hebrews to do that work for them. The consequences are well known; they were plagued grievously, and afterwards drowned in the Red Sea. Lazy people, in our own days, are constantly plagued themselves and are an everlasting plague and eye-sore to others. The sight of a creeping, listless, indolent man or woman is misery to the thrifty and industrious. People of this class are without friends, they are abhorred by their own relations and universally dreaded. They not only hate to work themselves, but they hate to see work done, and would fain have the whole world as useless and inactive as they are. Of this kidney are your loungers, who delight in hanging about workshops, printing offices, and every place where they can interrupt business. Had we, as Homer expresses it—

"A hundred mouths, a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass and adamantine lungs"

we could scarcely find time and strength to execute such characters.—*Phila. Ledger.*

THE ROSE AMONG THORNS.

A RIOUS man, deeply wounded and sick at heart under the persecution of his enemies, walked sorrowfully up and down in his garden, almost doubting the ways of Providence. As he paused and remained standing before a rose bush, the spirit of the rose thus addressed him: "Do I not animate a beautiful plant? which is, in the name of every flower a cup of thanksgiving, full of sweet odors—an incense offering to the Lord! And where dost thou find me? Among thorns! But they pierce not; they protect me and give me nourishment. Even so do thine enemies to thee, and should not thy spirit be more firm than a transitory flower?" Strengthened, the man turned away, and his soul became a cup of thanksgiving for his enemies.

GOD SEES YOU.

It is related that a man who was in the habit of going to his neighbor's cornfield to steal corn, one day took with him his son, a boy of eight years of age. His father told him to stand still while he looked to see if any body was near to see them. After standing on the fence and peeping through all the rows of corn, he returned to take the bag from the child, to begin his guilty work. "Father," said the boy, "you have forgotten to look some where else." The man dropped the bag in his fright and said, "which way, child," supposing he had seen some one. "You forgot to look up to the sky, to see if God was noticing you." The father felt the reproof so strong, that he never again attempted to steal, remembering the truth the child had taught him.

AN IRISH COMPLIMENT.

A LOVELY girl was bending her head over a rose tree which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket woman in Covent Garden market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, "I axes yer pardon, young lady, but if it's pleasing to ye I'd thank you to keep yer cheek away from that rose, ye'll put the lady out of consate with the color of the flower."

EMPHASIS.—A writer on English grammar gives the following example on wrong emphasis: A clergyman, on reading the twenty-seventh verse of the eighteenth chapter of the first book of Kings, generally placed the emphasis on the words denoted by italics. "And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle *me*, the *ass*, and they saddled *him*!"

A FRIGHT.—A gentleman said that he was out in a storm at sea once, that frightened him so, that his hair all turned grey in one night. Another gentleman present, said yes, he had been in a gale of wind at sea that alarmed him so, that it turned his wig grey in one night. "Sir," said the first gentleman, "do you mean to doubt my word?" "No," said the other, "do you mean to doubt mine?"

A TRUE SIGN.—A person pointed out a man, who had a profusion of rings on his fingers, to a cooper. "Ah, master," said the artizan, "it is a sure sign of weakness when so many hoops are used."

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

F. S. Cassville, Wis. Ter. \$1.00; P. M. South Dover, N. Y. \$2.00; N. J. Cuddebackville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Ridgebury, Pa. \$1.00; T. G. F. Cornish Flats, N. H. \$1.00; A. K. Walden, N. Y. \$1.00; W. J. Homer, N. Y. \$1.00; R. R. Shelburn Falls, Ms. \$1.00; A. E. Hinsdale, Ms. \$1.00; E. G. L. East Lyman, N. H. \$1.00; J. C. M. Syracuse, N. Y. \$1.00; P. S. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stow's Square, N. Y. \$1.00; C. M. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; C. R. Sheffield, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Plymouth, N. Y. \$2.00; E. S. New Baltimore, N. Y. \$1.00; M. P. L. Stockton, N. Y. \$1.00; L. H. Wilma, N. Y. \$1.00; S. R. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$1.00; M. J. Linden, N. Y. \$1.00; S. H. Painesville, O. \$1.00; M. M. T. Commons, R. I. \$1.00; L. B. Lavanna, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. O. New-York, \$1.00; W. R. Libertyville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. Wellsborough, N. Y. \$1.00; S. P. C. North Springfield, Vt. \$4.00; L. G. Barry, Ill. \$1.00; P. M. Tyson Furnace, Vt. \$2.00; P. M. Racket River, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Potsdam, N. Y. \$2.00; S. H. Skaneateles, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. P. West Greenfield, N. Y. \$1.00; G. D. Guilford, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. W. St. Louis, Mo. \$0.75; A. W. Avon, N. Y. \$1.00; R. C. W. Ticonderoga, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Milton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Griegsville, N. Y. \$6.00; C. S. G. Holland Patent, N. Y. \$1.00; G. M. Manchester, N. Y. \$1.00; M. S. H. Peckskill, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Earlville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. Sheffield, Ms. \$1.00; M. B. Victor, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. B. Maine, N. Y. \$1.00; S. O. Cayuga, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Van Burenville, N. Y. \$3.00.

Harried.

In this city, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. C. F. LeFevre, Mr. Robert W. Evans, to Miss Harriet E. Wescott, daughter of Solomon Wescott, Esq. all of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. Benjamin Town to Miss Mary Cure, daughter of Walter Cure, all of this city.

At Greenport, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Joseph Mosely, Jr. of Claverack, to Miss Mary C. Rice, of the former place.

In Ghent, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Andrew G. Newman, of Hudson, to Miss Mary Ann Miller, of the former place.

At Stockbridge, Mass. on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. William B. Skinner, of this city, to Miss Mary E. Morgan, of the former place, daughter of George C. Morgan, Esq.

In Hillsdale, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Capt. George W. Downing to Miss Elizabeth Krum, both of that place.

In Catskill, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Judd, Mr. J. S. Nellis to Miss Sally Ann Gillett, both of that place.

Died.

In this city, on the 11th inst. Amanda M. Green, in her 39th year.

On the 16th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of Daniel Gavett, in her 14th year.

On the 19th inst. Adam Hoff, in his 68th year.

On the 11th inst. John Evans Williams, aged 26 years, formerly of Liverpool, England.

At Gallatin, on the 2d inst. Mrs. Harriet Vedder, wife of Rev. H. Vedder, and daughter of the late M. Van Vranken, Esq. of Schenectady.

At Brownville, Jefferson county, on the 12th inst. George Edgar, infant son of Rev. Ferdinand Rogers.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

WEEHAWKEN.

It has been customary from very early times, to render memorable in song those places which are remarkable for their beauty, or for any striking circumstance connected with their history. Richmond Hill, the banks and Braes of Bonny Doon, the lofty Ben Lomond, the sweet flowing Afton, have acquired a fresh interest from the poet's lyre. No country can boast of more lovely scenery than that which is found on the Hudson River, and Weehawken may be mentioned among other choice spots as one of the "fairest of the fair." While I cannot boast of the inspiration of the muse I am not insensible to grateful emotions, and in the following simple lines, I would discharge a debt for many pleasant hours passed in the shades of Weehawken; thus paying in gratitude what I should despair of paying in poetry. I solicit for them an humble place in your graceful pages.

How sweet in thy woodlands, Weehawken to rest,
And press thy soft lawn like the lark in its nest,
While the waves of the Hudson which silently roll,
Are as smooth as the thoughts which steal over my soul.

When I flee to thy shades from the city's loud noise,
From the jostlings of life to thy own sylvan joys,
It seems that the sword which the cherubim bore
Is quenched, and we pass into Eden once more.

Oh break not the spell, though delusion is there,
For visions of happiness soften earth's care,
E'en the hopes that we treasure in mansions above,
All borrow their light from the scenes which we love.

C. F. L. F.

For the Rural Repository.

FAREWELL WORDS.

Addressed to a Schoolmate.

It may be childishness to feel
So sad when farewell words are spoke,
But painful feelings o'er me steal,
When friendship's tender ties are broke.

E'en now the thought that we may meet
No more while journeying here below,
No more enjoy those pleasures sweet
From social intercourse that flow—

In spite of all my manliness,
With tender throbs my bosom swells;
And o'er departed hours of bliss,
Dejected memory pensive dwells.

The charmed times so sweetly spent
In gathering Learning's fruit and flowers,
With Friendship's brightest colors blent,
Can be, alas, no longer ours.

Nor can we more together kneel
In prayer before our Father's throne,
And there those heavenly raptures feel
Our souls in moments past have known.

Yet why should we so deeply sigh
O'er hours of more than mortal zest?
They have not vainly passed us by,
By Learning and Religion blest.

Though they may never more return,
Nor joys like theirs our future know,
We may rejoice as well as mourn,
While we recall their grateful flow.

And as we walk life's devious way,
Where'er our present course may lead,
If Duty's call we but obey,
Our paths at last in one will blend.

They'll blend in Heaven—there we shall meet,
Where Friendship's ties cannot be broke,
Where Love and Gladness hold their seat,
And farewell words are never spoke.

August 22, 1840.

RURAL BARD.

For the Rural Repository.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

LET youth and beauty bow at Genius' shrine—
Let learning, worth and length of days be thine,
Fair bud of promise, now thy parents' joy,
May no rude blast of fate thy peace destroy:
May Heavenly Love protect thy opening bloom,
And guide thee safe till passed beyond the tomb:
From thy young heart may prayer and praise arise,
An incense pure, which reaches to the skies;
And when thy all of life has passed away,
Then mayest thou rise to bloom in *endless day*.
Townsend, Mass. 1840. S. B.

CHURCH YARD MUSINGS.

BY WM. S. HOLDEN.

WHEN evening steals upon the sleeping earth
And over all her sombre mantle flings,
When stars, like jewels of uncounted worth,
Fairer than ever decked the brow of kings,
Are sparkling in the bright cerulean sky
That bends above its soft and quiet blue,
I love to wander where the buried lie
Whom in the days of vanished life I knew;
Friends of my early youth—the valued and the true.

I do not dread a church yard. I have found
A soothing, painful joy, when passion tost,
In lingering near each lonely grass grown mound
That rises over those I've loved and lost.
'Tis sadly sweet to stay and think of those
Whose forms are wasting in the earth below,
Their bosoms stilled in passionless repose;
Passed with the passing breath the spirit's glow,
Their sleep is quiet there, and cold and dreamless too.

I love to wander where they sweetly rest,
And on their green turf mansions to recline;
It stills each stormy tumult in my breast,
To think their narrow home shall soon be mine.
Soon, as I journey to that dwelling dark,
Perhaps a refuge from corroding care,
The bell that rung for them shall ring—but hark!
That deep toned pealing voice again is there,
Floating at intervals upon the evening air.

The damps of death are on another brow,
Another's fleeting dreams of life are o'er,
Another heart lies cold and pulseless now;
The crimson current circling round no more;
The undying spirit from its earthly home—
The dross that held it, hath forever fled
Up through the trackless ether fields to roam,
Away on airy pinions swiftly sped—
The soulless body left to moulder with the dead.

Perchance 'tis one in youth's fair dawning day,
Just ventured out upon a stormy sea;
Unpractised yet in passion's devious way,
New to delight, and new to ecstasy;
The ripples gently curled around his boat,
The joys of being still were in their spring,
And on a fairy sea he seemed to float,
In youth's warm flush all madly rioting,
Yet fell a victim there to the pale scepter king.

While buoyant hope sat smiling in the eye,
Whispering of pleasant promise to the ear,
And while the youthful pulse was bounding high,
Still were the spoiler's stealthy footsteps near:
When eagerly the heart was straining on,
To grasp the prize that might so glorious seem,
The arrow sped just ere the aim was won—
The bubble burst; life's fitful fever dream;
And now you bell tolls out the hollow requiem.
Oh who can say to what affections, torn—
What hopes that were cherished long and well—
That mournful sound upon the night winds borne,
Peals out in every tone a parting knell!
There is an agony when loved ones part,
The severed feel that they are left alone,
But oh! the tearless eye and breaking heart,
Mourn only those who are forever gone;
Pillowed in death's cold arms beneath the burial stone.

'Tis ever thus—the sons of Adam rise
Bravely to trifle on a while—and then
Their mouldering dust within the church yard lies,
And only grave stones tell that they have been.
'Tis thus with those who tread this scene of strife
In earth's fair pagentry a part to play,
They frolic out upon the stage of life
Their poor faint shadow of a little day,
And like the withered leaves of autumn pass away.
And yet I do not murmur—'tis as well,
When we are wearied, that a resting place,
(Is it eternal? would that I could tell!)
Should take us to its friendly, kind embrace,
Lulling our turbid passions all to sleep,
Like a fond doting mother on her breast,
And over us eternal vigils keep,
To give us there a long unbroken rest—
That boon of all, perhaps, the welcomest and best.

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

BY BRYANT.

UPON yon mountain's distant head,
With spotless snows forever white,
Where all is still and cold and dead,
Late shines the sun's departing light.
But far below those icy rocks,
The vales in the summer bloom arrayed—
Woods full of birds, and fields of flocks,
Are dim with mist and dark with shade.
'Tis thus from warm and kindly hearts,
And eyes where generous meanings burn,
Earliest the light of life departs,
And lingers with the cold and stern.

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